



CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

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The little boy and Karlsson  
have decided to become gymnasts.  
Great! What sports do you like?



# LOOKING FOR THE SUN



Nazar's father raises reindeer in the tundra near the Arctic Ocean. After grazing in one pasture, the reindeer herd is driven to another. Nazar doesn't go to school yet and is allowed to go with his father.

In the Arctic nights last more than a month. Nazar goes to sleep at night and wakes up at night. Snow covers the ground, the moon and stars shine in the sky. Sometimes the northern lights are visible. They can look like bright strips crossing the entire sky, a soft green curtain covering the cold stars, or thousands of blue arrows.

Nazar wonders: "Will the stars follow us to a new pasture?"

He is already used to the long polar night, but impatiently waits for the day. "Maybe the sun has forgotten us?" the boy asks his father. "Maybe it's lost somewhere and can't find its way back?"

"It will find its way," his father laughs. "Just be patient. Look over there," he says, pointing in the distance.

Between two hills, daybreak was glowing, looking just like a fire. It was the sun. Soon it would rise from behind the hills and chase away the night. The wind picked up. "Now the sun will shine even brighter," Nazar thought happily. "The snow will melt away in flight so the deer won't have to scrape it away looking for moss and lichen."

The wind began to blow even harder, but for some reason the sun didn't shine any brighter. As a matter of fact, the glow began to slowly disappear. Maybe it wasn't the wind after all? Nazar listened carefully, and so did his faithful friend—the shaggy dog Poosh. They heard a rumbling sound that grew louder and louder. A plane!

Nazar loved airplanes, but he was mad at this one. It was flying too low and would frighten the reindeer.

"Fly higher, higher!" Nazar cried out and waved his arms. Poosh began to bark. Maybe he was angry that the plane could roar much louder than he could. The pilot seemed to have understood Nazar's signal, for he took the plane higher. Suddenly the machine was radiating fiery colours just like the magical Firebird. Nazar jumped for joy when he realised what had happened: "He's going towards the sun. Look Poosh!"

The sun had bathed the plane in bright light.

The dog no longer barked; he, too, was happy that spring was on its way.

"If there were some tall trees here," Nazar thought, "I could climb one and probably see the sun." But the birch trees that grew in the tundra were so small you couldn't even see them under the snow.

What if Nazar went to meet the sun? It only took a minute to hitch the dog to the lightweight sledge. Nazar grabbed a long pole, waved it in the air and hollered. Poosh ran quickly over the packed snow, and the wind at his back helped him even more.

"The sun is very close," thought Nazar, "just over those hills. That's what Father said."

Suddenly a white animal darted out in front of Poosh. A polar fox! Poosh dashed after it and the sledge careened.

"Stop! Stop!" Nazar cried.

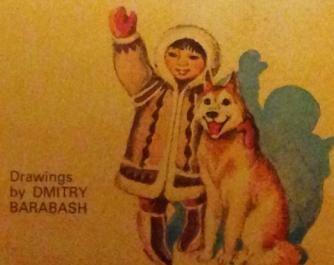
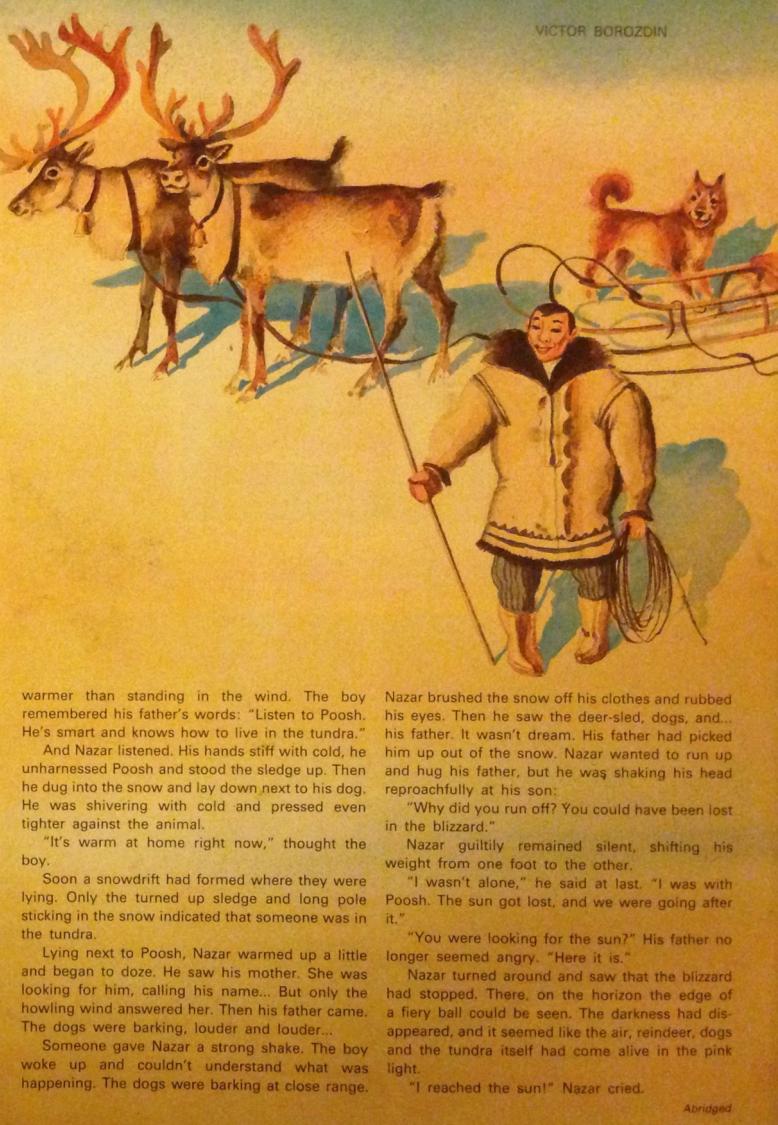
The polar fox kept on running, but Poosh stopped. It was difficult to chase the fox while pulling the sledge. Poosh barked a couple of times in warning: don't let me catch you around here again! Then he settled down and ran on.

Daylight soon faded, but Nazar knew where the sun was hiding. "Ai, ai!" he urged his dog on. The wind continued to help Poosh, but it was blowing fiercely now. It looked like a blizzard was coming up. Soon clouds covered the sky, and a heavy, stinging snow began to fall. Now Poosh had to try to find the road himself.

"Maybe we should turn back," Nazar thought. He jumped out of the sledge, grabbed Poosh by the neck and shouted in his ear:

"Home, Poosh! Let's go home!"

But the tired dog only turned his head. The snow stung his eyes making it impossible to turn around. Poosh began to paw the snow. Nazar knew that dogs dug into the snow to protect themselves in blizzards. Though the snow was cold, it was



Drawings by DMITRY BARABASH

warmer than standing in the wind. The boy remembered his father's words: "Listen to Poosh. He's smart and knows how to live in the tundra."

And Nazar listened. His hands stiff with cold, he unharnessed Poosh and stood the sledge up. Then he dug into the snow and lay down next to his dog. He was shivering with cold and pressed even tighter against the animal.

"It's warm at home right now," thought the boy.

Soon a snowdrift had formed where they were lying. Only the turned up sledge and long pole sticking in the snow indicated that someone was in the tundra.

Lying next to Poosh, Nazar warmed up a little and began to doze. He saw his mother. She was looking for him, calling his name... But only the howling wind answered her. Then his father came. The dogs were barking, louder and louder...

Someone gave Nazar a strong shake. The boy woke up and couldn't understand what was happening. The dogs were barking at close range.

Nazar brushed the snow off his clothes and rubbed his eyes. Then he saw the deer-sled, dogs, and... his father. It wasn't dream. His father had picked him up out of the snow. Nazar wanted to run up and hug his father, but he was shaking his head reproachfully at his son:

"Why did you run off? You could have been lost in the blizzard."

Nazar guiltily remained silent, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"I wasn't alone," he said at last. "I was with Poosh. The sun got lost, and we were going after it."

"You were looking for the sun?" His father no longer seemed angry. "Here it is."

Nazar turned around and saw that the blizzard had stopped. There, on the horizon the edge of a fiery ball could be seen. The darkness had disappeared, and it seemed like the air, reindeer, dogs and the tundra itself had come alive in the pink light.

"I reached the sun!" Nazar cried.

Abridged

## REDI THE FRIEND DIFFICULT TO CATCH

Based on a story by YEVGENI VELTSTOV  
Illustrated by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

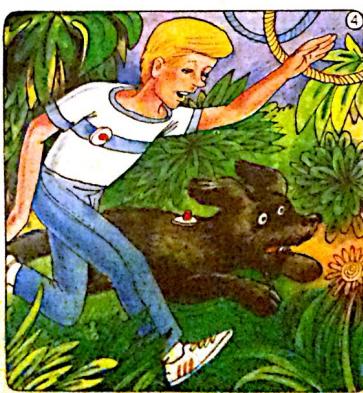
Serezha is a little boy who lives in Moscow. He and his double, the fab Elektronik, have built an electronic dog named Redi. Many times Redi has saved animals from Professor Krug's...  
Continued from No. 4

That morning Serezha rushed to Elektronik to tell him: "Professor Krug wants to capture the famous white tiger." That same day the friends took Redi and left for India.

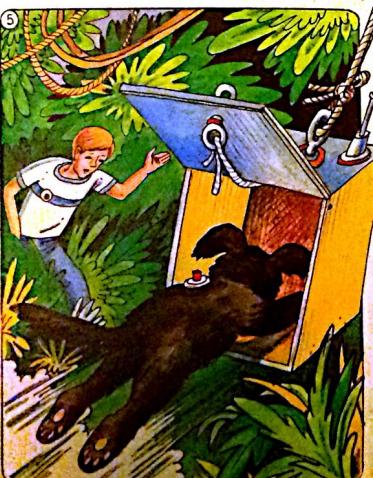


The Travellers were walking in a jungle and came to a clearing. Suddenly a helicopter appeared.

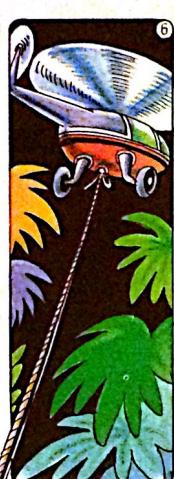
A box tied to a rope was lowered to the ground. The door opened and suddenly... "Help!"



It was Serezha's voice coming from the box. Quick as lightning Redi dived into the box. The door slammed shut and the helicopter took off.



They had captured Redi! Serezha's voice had been on a tape recorder.



Redi was turned into a marine robot. For weeks he gathered treasure from sunken ships for Professor Krug, who was planning to conquer the world.



One day in the darkness at the bottom of the ocean, Redi saw an unusual bathysphere. "Get out of there!" Professor Krug commanded. Redi began to swim away, but the bathysphere followed him.



A mechanical hand reached out and the fingers slowly closed.



Elektronik and Serezha were in the bathysphere, but Redi didn't recognise them. He began to bark and wouldn't let them come near him. What could they do? "Redi, you're our friend," Serezha said. Redi stood still and then began to wag his tail. Professor Krug didn't know the word "friend" and couldn't erase it from Redi's memory.

By NURI BAIRAMOV

## PROVING A PROVERB WRONG



When I was twelve years old I used to love to work in the melon field. My friend and I would drop seeds into the holes dug by old Ak-Mamed. Three seeds in each hole. It was important work, and the old man trusted us.

The seeds sprouted clumps of green runners. Ak-Mamed told us to guard them. "The turtles want our runners, too. If they make a meal out of them, we'll be left without any melons."

The turtles came at us in groups of three and five. We picked them up and carried them behind the sand dune. By the time they crawled back it would be hot again and they would want to sleep. And it was high time they slept!

When the fruit appeared on the vines, we stood guard at night. The melons were still green, but badgers, porcupines, jackals and foxes would eat them anyway. We would sit in the melon field at night telling stories. But it always happened that the next morning one or two would be missing all the same. The Turkmenians say: "The jackal got the best melon."

I must confess that if there were no grown-ups close at hand, we sometimes ate green melons. At any rate, they were tastier than cucumbers. Of course, it was a silly thing to do, but we were little kids. We never touched the water melons: an unripe water melon tastes terrible; you might as well eat soap.

On the whole Ak-Mamed was pleased with his helpers. He liked to give advice, so he would often repeat proverbs. Once I heard him tell a boy: "Remember this proverb: it's impossible to hold two water melons under one arm."

"What kind of proverb is that?" I thought. "I'll prove it wrong."

The water melons grew ripe. We harvested the biggest first. I knew I would never be able to hold two of those huge striped melons under one arm. The water melons in the second group were smaller, but still too big for me. The sweet water melons left for last were the smallest. I picked up two of them and walked up to Ak-Mamed.

"Look at me!"

Ak-Mamed looked at me closely, but didn't understand.

"What is it, Nuri?"

"Don't you see? I'm holding two water melons under one arm."

Ak-Mamed laughed, but then grew serious:

"You think you're pretty clever, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I proved the proverb wrong."

Just then one of the water melons slipped and fell to the sand.

"Wait till you're a little bigger, in another five years or so, and then prove it wrong. Your arms will be stronger then."

But in just a few years I was embarrassed to think about that incident. I understood by then that proverbs don't have a direct meaning. Something else besides a water melon was meant. For example, you must finish one thing before you start another. You shouldn't try to do everything all at once.

There's no sense in arguing with wise proverbs. Wisdom is accumulated over time, it doesn't ripen quickly like a melon. Wisdom is passed from one generation to another. I inherited it from my elders and now I want to pass it on to you.

MARINA SOBE-PANEK

## A KILOGRAM OF NEEDLES



Yesterday we went to visit Grandmother. When Granny asked how we were doing. Mother replied:

"Just terrible. Imagine sleeping soundly in the morning when suddenly a thousand sharp claws scratch your hand! You scream and jump out of bed and a kilogram of sharp needles stick in your foot. You run to the kitchen for some iodine, and there a pair of three-metre long fangs tearing your housecoat half apart..."

"Granny!" I cried, "Mother has it all wrong. Sure, Murzik accidentally scratched her this morning. But he doesn't have a thousand claws, just five apiece on his front paws and four apiece on the back. I counted them myself! And it's true Tisha made himself at home in Mother's slipper and pricked her when she put her foot in it. But Tisha is still little. He doesn't weigh a kilogram even with all his needles. And as for the housecoat, Jack did tear off a piece. But Mother almost stepped on his tail. And there isn't any such thing as three-metre long fangs."

Mother was upset, and I was upset. And the thousand sharp claws, a kilogram of needles and three-metre long fangs were also upset. They didn't play, run or jump all day long.

Father put things right. He brought home a wonderful canary and everything was fine. Mother called Granny on the phone:

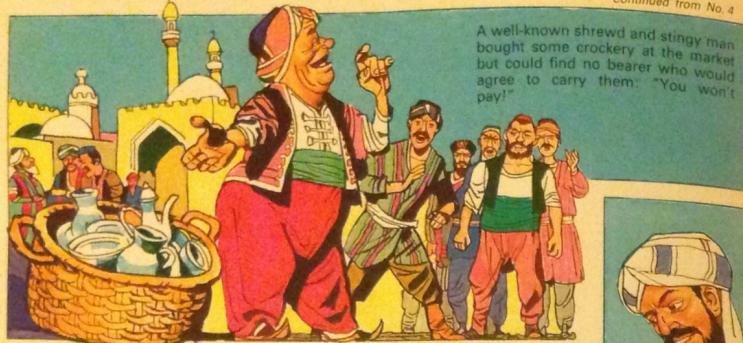
"We are living in a zoo!"

Actually we don't live in a zoo at all but in an apartment. And we should very much like to set up an aquarium.



# THE ADVENTURES

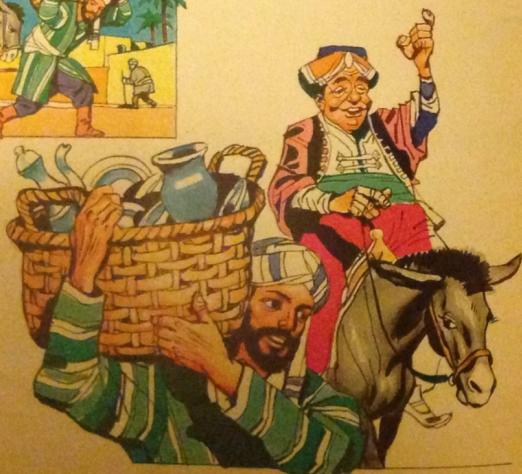
*Continued from No. 4*



"But I will give you three pieces of wise advice. This is more valuable than money." Nasreddin agreed to this payment. The merchant rode beside him on a donkey.



"Give me the first piece of wise advice," Nasreddin asked. "It will make it easier for me to carry this basket." "If someone tells you it's better to ride than walk, don't believe him," said the merchant with importance. "Oh, that's really wise advice."



A well-known shrewd and stingy man bought some crockery at the market but could find no bearer who would agree to carry them: "You won't pay!"

# OF NASREDDIN

Based on Oriental folk-tales and anecdotes about Nasreddin, sage and wit illustrated by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO



Along the road the merchant sat down to have some tea and gave his second piece of advice: "If someone tells you it's better to be full than hungry, don't believe him."



Once he arrived home, the merchant was very pleased that he had succeeded in fooling the bearer. He gave his third piece of advice: "If someone tells you there is a more stupid man than you in the world, don't believe him!"

"What wonderful advice!" Nasreddin exclaimed and threw up his arms. The basket fell to the ground, turned over and landed in a ditch. Nasreddin called out as he walked away: "If someone tells you that a single cup in this basket was undamaged, don't believe him!"



HOW? WHY? WHAT?

## MAGIC THREAD

By ANDREI IVAKHNOV

Long ago our ancestors lived in caves and wore animal hides. They knew how to make simple but useful articles, like knives and arrow tips from stone and thread out of animal fur and fibrous plants for sewing their crude garments. But if someone ever asked them, "What about making thread from rock?" they would have just laughed.

Just recently I saw a suit that could be worn in a fire. The thread used to make it wasn't cotton or wool; it was stone! It's true. What once seemed impossible to do is being done today. The magic suit doesn't catch on fire because, as we all know, stone cannot burn.

People are like that: they try to improve everything. They think up something, try it out, invent something else. Thread, which has been around for ages, is being made stronger. A thin and transparent nylon line doesn't break even under the weight of a huge fish caught on a fishhook. A line woven from carbon fibres can even hold the weight of a motorcycle. That's right, thread can be made not only out of stone but out of carbon as well. What's most surprising is that thread made from carbon is one hundred times stronger than steel fibre.

Scientists are working wonders with this strong carbon fibre. Material made from it and covered

with plastics is used to plate spaceships. This material does not rust. Neither rain nor coastal fog will damage a car made of it. But that's not the most important thing. To make a car out of metal, ore must be extracted and smelted into metal. Then it is cast into moulds and machined into shape. This means a lot of smoke, dust, noise and wasted filings and chips. The new material is easier to work with and shape. No big forge presses are needed, and there is no wasted material.

Well then, you might wonder, why do people keep making cars out of steel and other metals? The fact is that scientists have just invented this miraculous thread. So far only a few materials have been made of it. Maybe you will invent something using this thread, or perhaps build a factory where it will be used to make new materials. Right now there are very few such factories.

More and more parts for spacecraft, airplanes and cars are being made of this material. And tennis rackets, skis and bicycles are being made more attractive and sturdy. Materials made of this magic thread are being used more often to replace metal, plastics and wood.

Drawing by ANATOLY DUBOVIK



Telegrams From Know-All



The sun can water the earth as well as dry it. The USSR has an irrigation device that is powered by solar energy. As soon as it starts to get warm, the water pump switches on.



An island in the Indian Ocean is inhabited solely by cats. They came there after a shipwreck almost a hundred years ago. More than a thousand felines now live on the island, and they are real sea hunters: they eat fish and sea urchins.



Ten-year-old Christopher Marshall from the USA is one of the youngest pilots in the world. Accompanied by an adult instructor flying alongside him in a light aircraft, the boy made a five-day flight over the USA with intermediate stops along the route.



Outside the city of Toulouse, France, you can ride dogs. They raise Siberian huskies here and organise dog-sleigh races. The children and grown-ups ride in sleighs just like in the North.

Drawings by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV

## TWO BROTHERS

An African folk-tale  
Illustrated by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

An old hunter had two sons. When they grew big, their father told them: "Go away and don't come back until you have proved your strength and

courage." The two young men walked a long time and finally came to a country where there were no birds or animals. They decided to spend the night.



That night a fierce nine-headed monster came to frighten the two young men. It was because of the monster that there were no animals or birds there. The monster put out the fire and hid itself among

the coals. Just one eye was glowing, like a hot coal. When the younger brother leaned over to blow on the coal, the monster attacked him.



The older brother sent the younger one to fetch some water. When the young man reached the river, the water began to boil and said: "Who is drawing me out?" The younger brother was frightened.

ened and ran away. The older brother went to fetch the water himself. "Who is drawing me out?" the river boiled and asked again. "A man," answered the older brother and calmly drew the water.



The older brother heard all the noise and hurried to help. He swung his axe three times, and three of the monster's heads fell to the ground. The monster screeched in fury. The older brother summoned

all his strength and cut off three more heads. The monster was weaker, but so was the older brother. Then the younger brother took the axe and cut off the remaining three heads.



The younger brother was ashamed. He volunteered to chop some wood for a fire. As soon as he raised his axe, the wood shouted: "He's chopping me!" The entire forest reverberated with sound, and the

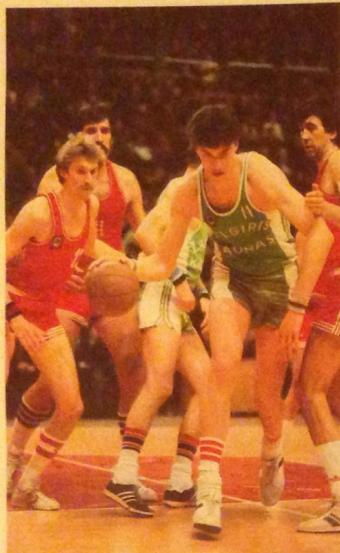
younger brother was again frightened. The older brother paid no attention to the noise. He chopped the wood and lit the fire.



The animals and birds came back. Once again the forest was alive. The brothers returned home and told their father about their adventures. "Now I know what kind of sons I have," said the old

hunter. "You, my oldest, have strength and courage. And you, my youngest, acquired them through trial because you were able to overcome your fear."

## MISHA's STADIUM



We asked Arvydas Sabonis, the famous Soviet basketball player, how to grow faster. "You're two metres 20 centimetres tall! Tell our MISHA readers your secret."

## HOW TO GROW FASTER

"When I was a little boy," Arvydas began, "we attached a paper strip to the side of a cabinet and each month my parents measured my height. I used to run to the cabinet in the morning and was disappointed that I was growing so slowly. One day a message appeared on the cabinet. This is what it said:

"An old remedy.

"1. Find a tall tree, one whose lower branches you can't reach with your arms but can touch if you jump. When you pick a leaf from this tree, you will have passed the first test.

"2. Now find a smaller tree but one with strong branches. (Or you can use a horizontal bar in your



room or yard.) Hang on the branch like a wet shirt washed by your mother hangs on a rope. Now hold on to the branch or horizontal bar with your arms and bring your legs up to form an angle.

"3. Learn how to swim and go swimming every week. (If you can't do this, pretend you are a fish on the floor. Lie on your stomach, bring your arms and legs together and raise them off the floor.)

"4. Swing on a swing every day (don't forget to hold the ropes tightly)."

"A few years later I found out that this really was an old remedy," Arvydas laughed. "My grandmother heard it from her grandfather. Since that time everyone in our family grows according to it."

If you do these exercises you will also grow a few centimetres. Or maybe even fifteen, which is what Arvydas Sabonis did one summer.

NATALIA POLOVINCHIK



## A GRASSHOPPER SAT IN THE GRASS

He was sitting hidden in the grass, singing a song. I listened carefully. It was a rather boastful song, but Grasshopper sang it so happily that I had no desire to scold him.

"How wonderful it is in the green grass," sang Grasshopper. "No one will notice me here. I look like a green leaf, and I have veined wings. Like a bow drawn over a sweet violin, I rub one wing against the other. And let all Grasshoppers around hear my song. It will remind them that I occupy this wonderful meadow.

"I love to take a sunbath here in the morning. First, I turn one side to the sun and then the other. I lie here and listen for hours to the remarkable sounds in the world that surrounds me.

"No one in the animal world has a better sense of hearing than I do. I can easily hear earthquake tremors thousands of kilometres away. Those are the kind of ears I have. They look just like two small slits on my forelegs, but in fact not even man has been able to construct such a device.

"I'm not just a wonderful singer, I'm also a great athlete. Although I'm only three centimetres long, I can jump a distance one hundred times greater. Not even Kangaroo or Rabbit or Jerboa can jump so far.

"By the way, why should I sit here any longer? I should have moved on a long time ago. Watch me jump now! Five, four, three, two, one!"

Grasshopper jumped and I lost sight of him. But I could still hear his happy song. As a matter of fact, anyone can hear it. All you have to do is go out to a meadow at noon and listen.

SAVVA NOVIN

Photograph by ALEXANDER BORODIN



MISHA's PICTURE GALLERY  
Drawing by KONSTANTIN YARIKOV  
(Turn to page 18)



"No one knows as many fairy-tales as Ole Lukoie and no one can tell a story better than he"—thus begins a tale about the kind old wizard who helps children dream lovely dreams. But the same applies to the man who wrote the tale, the famous Hans Christian Andersen shown in the picture among some of his characters.

Andersen lived and wrote his books in the nineteenth-century Denmark, but his fairy-tales continue to this day to delight children the world over. To be sure, you know a lot of them, too. Which do you like best, then? The one about the Ugly Duckling, which grew into a beautiful proud swan! Or do you fancy more the sad story of the Dauntless Tin Soldier, an ardent admirer of the lovely little Dancer? And didn't you marvel at the courage of the steadfast little Gerda who rescued her friend Kay from the clutches of the Snow Queen; or at the no less brave Elisa of the "Wild Swans" who saved her brothers from the evil spell cast by the Wicked Queen, her fairy step-mother?

And if you've come across a few unfamiliar names, don't let this upset you: it merely means more wonderful encounters for you in the magic land of the great story-teller, where only those are happy who do good.

18

#### MISHA's MAILBAG

Today among the contents of MISHA's mailbag you'll find our readers' drawings, snapshots, stories, fragments from their letters and the addresses of those who would like to have pen-pals abroad.



This photograph came from the GDR. The three schoolgirls are going to a fancy dress ball with their teacher Frau Trillhaase. The girls' names are Astrid, Conny and Manuela.

NITYA NAND BADONI, India

#### THE MAGIC FLOWERS



Baisaku's eyes glitter like waterfalls, and his cheeks shine like rosy primulas. Like everybody else in this Himalayan village, he wakes with the sun to the twittering of birds. He tends the cattle with his parents and helps them about the house. Then his mother and father go to work the fields scattered about the hills, while Baisaku and his friends go even farther—over the hills—to school.

Baisaku knows a lot of kids, but he only has one real friend—Saunoo. When the friends are sent off to the far-away pasture with the sheep flock they amuse themselves by chasing butterflies and brightly coloured birds which flutter from tree to tree. But their favourite pastime is sliding on wooden plates in the pine grove. The plates slide so easily down needle-covered slopes!

Once in the monsoon Saunoo fell ill. He got poorer and poorer. Baisaku didn't know what he could do to help. He wandered up the slope to the Alpine meadow: surely there must be some medicinal herbs here somewhere!

The rains made the scenery unrecognisable, but the boy doggedly climbed on and on struggling through the dense grass and shrubbery. Suddenly he saw a strange valley spread out before his eyes. Thousands of flowers seemed to be dancing in it in the gentle breeze. Waves of pungent smell rose softly from the earth. Baisaku felt slightly giddy.

Which of the flowers could heal he did not know. He thought he would pick the prettiest to take to his friend. And you know what—Saunoo did get well in the end!

Shall I tell you the name of the medicine that cured him? I'm sure I can name at least two kinds. And that is Nature and Friendship.





RENE BATISTA  
MORENA,  
Cuba

## MY KITE

My handsome kite of paper made  
It dashes high and melts away;  
Over the shoal and o'er the beach  
There's nothing it can't reach.  
Though it's free like sails at sea,  
Still my kite belongs to me.



## RIDDLES

It falls down roaring,  
a deafening sound.  
It glitters and sparks,  
sending splashes around.  
It's going down without respite.  
Through years and ages,  
a capturing sight.

(Answers)

MISLADYS PEREZ  
GARCIA,  
Cuba



I particularly like the stories and photographs in the Animal Corner. I keep a guinea-pig which I call Bessi. She shares a cage with my rabbit Porzel. Once the rabbit hurt his foot, and Bessi began to lick the wound—she was giving him a course of treatment. Was I glad to see that they've made friends!

I hear MISHA will stop coming to Peru. My friends and I are very upset by this news.  
MÓNICA LARISSA

Dear Mónica,  
Not to worry.  
You heard wrong.

## LINES FROM LETTERS

I like MISHA.  
I read it regularly every month and I pick up Russian from it.  
Yours, AMITAA RAD  
People's Democratic Republic of Yemen

I enjoy reading your magazine, though I find it a little too didactic. My name is Luis Escobar, I'm 12. I live in Venezuela.

## MEETING THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS

One night Alex was watching a strange planet through his field-glasses. Suddenly he saw a couple of weird creatures. In fact, they were two flies that had settled on the lenses. But Alex didn't know that and thought he was looking at some extra-terrestrial beings. In the morning he went up to his older brother's spaceship; he had learnt to handle it when he was a tiny tot...  
ANTAL MUSAN, Romania

Dear boys and girls, please think up the end to this story and send it to us. You can also make pictures for it if you wish.

My cousin gave me a copy of MISHA with an article about Karla Licheva. I think she's got it right. I, too, want all people to live in peace and have plenty to eat and be friends. Thanks a lot for your monthly—it helps to children the world over to make friends. My country is Uruguay; it is not large, but the soil here is very rich, and there are lots of fields and gardens. And buildings in the cities are very, very tall.  
VERONICA PEREYRA

I have subscribed to MISHA for 12 months to read it out to my two grandchildren. Let Art be charged with inspiration and bright colours, and new contents never cease to delight children.  
Prof. LUIGI PASSARELLI, Italy



## DEAR UNKNOWN FRIEND,

These words often make up the opening line in our readers' letters. Children ask the Editors to help them find friends in other countries. In this issue we're fulfilling their request.

Bernarda Osipova is 11. She acts in a children's drama company, writes poetry, and her ambition is to become a film director. She would like to have a pen-friend in India. Her address is: Bernarda Osipova, 30-e, Ashurov St., Apt. 2, Nalchik, Kabardin-Balkar Republic, 36000, USSR.

Alex is learning French; he is interested in French culture and would like to get a letter from somebody in France. His address is: Alexander Krivshenko, 32, Postonkin St., Apt. 134, Kotovsk, Tambov Region, 393170, USSR.

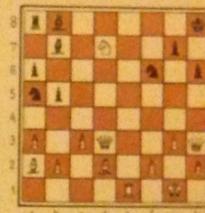
José is a third-former. His interests are stamp collecting and fairy-tales. JOSE LUIS MONTENEGRO Bº Oscar Gomez Mauzana No. 5, Casa Na Esteli, Nicaragua,

Miruna is 9. He has a younger sister. They both like drawing, stamp collecting and postcards with pictures of flowers. They would like to exchange letters in English. VLAICU MIRUNA  
Strada Emil Bobnaras nr. 39

Blocul 36, Scara A Etajul 7, Apart 32, Sectorul 6 Bucuresti R. S. Romania

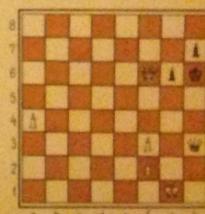
## THE FUTURE GRANDMASTER'S SCHOOL

Last year Misha together with our readers began to study chess rules. Let us see whether you remember these rules. Misha asks you to solve two chess problems. Here they are. Please, answer which side is better — White or Black?



Solution:

1. Re8+! (distracting the Knight from h7) 1. ... N:e8 2. Qh7+! K:h7 3. Nf8+ with perpetual check.



Solution:

1. ... Qg4+!, and the game was drawn.



## SNOW-BOUND

By ALEXEI MISHIN  
Drawings by IGOR OLEINIKOV

Continued from No. 4

This happened up in the Caucasian Mountains. The boy Givi, his grandfather, their young dog Bars and a wild antelope sheltered in an old tower from a snowslide. To find a way out Givi climbed down the well and came upon a narrow crack in the

wall—it was the dry bed of an underground stream. It was far too narrow for a man to push through. So Givi tied a note to Bars' collar and sent him to look for his father, the forest ranger, who had gone down to the valley.



The forest ranger was skiing down the slope. Suddenly he heard an ominous rumble. A snowslide! He had just had time to hide behind a rock.

The shockwave was snapping off branches like matchsticks. "Givi, Father! What's happened to them? I must get help, quick."



The helicopter with a rescue team was hovering over the mountain top. This snow-cap might start sliding any minute. An observer hurled down

a smoke-ball to mark off the target. A powerful blast raised snow whirls. The gunners of the rescue service had hit the dangerous snow mound.



In the place of the village there was a white wilderness; even the tower was hidden under the snow. Then suddenly the men spotted a dark patch. That was Bars, dead-beat, with a piece of string around his neck; the note, alas, had been

gone long since. The dog trotted to the stream bed and barked loudly. The ranger ran up to him, bent to the opening in the rock and gave a shout. He heard the voices of Givi and the grandfather in reply.



Quick now, to the tower! But where is it? Bars started digging the snow with his paws. The men dug there and soon the remains of the tower roof could be seen. Later people argued what it was

that had led Bars on—his nose or his ears? The grandfather and the boy had been singing loudly to help the rescuers locate them.



When they dropped a rope into the shelter, the grandfather said, "The antelope shall go up first; it's our guest." The antelope waited for the rest of the captives to get out, and then gingerly moved

on towards the canyon picking its way in the snow. Givi waved it good-bye with his hand and Bars wagged his tail.



## THE KINDERGARTEN

NINA GROZOV

Once the kids argued who was Number One champion in their kindergarten.

"Sasha, of course," said Oleg. "He can run faster than anybody else."

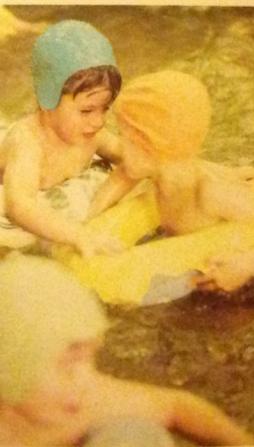
"No, it's Misha," Slavik cried. "He can swim."

"Masha's the champion!"

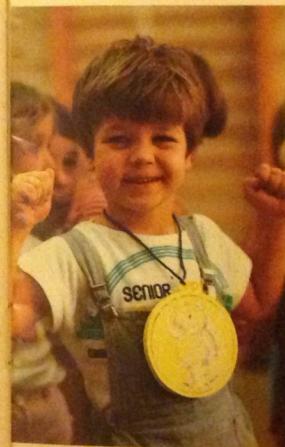
the girls resented the slight on their friend's honour. "She's the best at skipping."

"Quiet, children!" Marina Nikolaeva, the teacher, clinched the argument. "We'll see tomorrow who's the champion."

What happened the next morning was like real kindergarten Olympics. To help your team win you had to climb



● First climbing, then running, and swimming, ahead of anyone...



● ... Then hopping, squatting, the hard way towards the medal.

Photographs  
by SERGEI KIVRIN

## CHAMPION

through a few hoops, to hop across the gym, then run along a narrow bench with a ball gripped tightly between your knees, climb the wall bars, go up a few rungs on the rope ladder, and do it quickly. After that, a swimming race. Not all the children could swim, so everybody put on a colourful rubber life belt; yet no one was water-shy either—you could tell by the

loud splashing and a scatter of droplets.

The jolly Olympics took up the whole morning. Apparently, there are top runners and jumpers, and ladder climbers as good as a sailboat crew in Moscow kindergarten No. 1144. Both teams scored equally high. As for personal championship, it was taken by Alesha. He got a token medal from MISHA.

## PRIZES ON A STRING

"Help yourselves, dears," grown-ups say when they offer young visitors a box of chocolates. Rustle-rustle, the wrapper's off and that's it. The taste is there, it's delicious, of course, but it's quite dull that way, isn't it? Supposing you had to grab a sweet dangling on a string in pitch darkness? Or do the same in the light but blindfolded? Wouldn't it be more entertaining? And what's more, it'll taste better. Have a try if you doubt it.



MAKE IT YOURSELF



## SOME SANDWICH!

Incidentally, a common sandwich can also taste much better if you give it wheels. And a "stack" belching smoke. Like in this photograph.

You can make use of anything to get a tasty train like that—ham, cheese, sliced boiled meat, vegetables, greens, hard-boiled eggs. The wheels

can be fixed to the engine and the cars with toothpicks or sharpened matchsticks. A little patience and imagination and the train's all nice and ready. You can invite your friends to the party.

Designed by TATIANA KISELEVA

АБВГДЕЁЖЗИЙКЛМНОП  
РСТУФХЦЧШШЬҮ҃ЮЯ



GOOD AFTERNOON!

We continue to play with Russian letters and words. Today we'll visit a Leningrad school to listen to a talk between Valentina Pavlovna, a teacher, and her pupil, Petia Sorokin, from

a story by LEONID KAMINSKY. Then, as usual, with the help of the large drawing and small drawing-pointers you can find the required words for the crossword puzzle.

## A LATECOMER

"Valentina Pavlovna, may I come in?"

"Come in, Petia."

"I've been late."

"Really, you are. What's the matter?"

"There is something wrong with my alarm clock: the hour hand began to show minutes, and the minute one—hours. I had to find out the time by telephone. It was very difficult for the line was busy. Then I quickly dressed and rushed outside the DOOR (дверь, dver'). Oh my, everything around was freshly painted: the WALL (стена, stena), FLOOR and STAIRCASE (лестница, l'esnitsa). I opened the WINDOW (окно, okno) and using a drain pipe began to climb to the roof."

"And why not go down?"

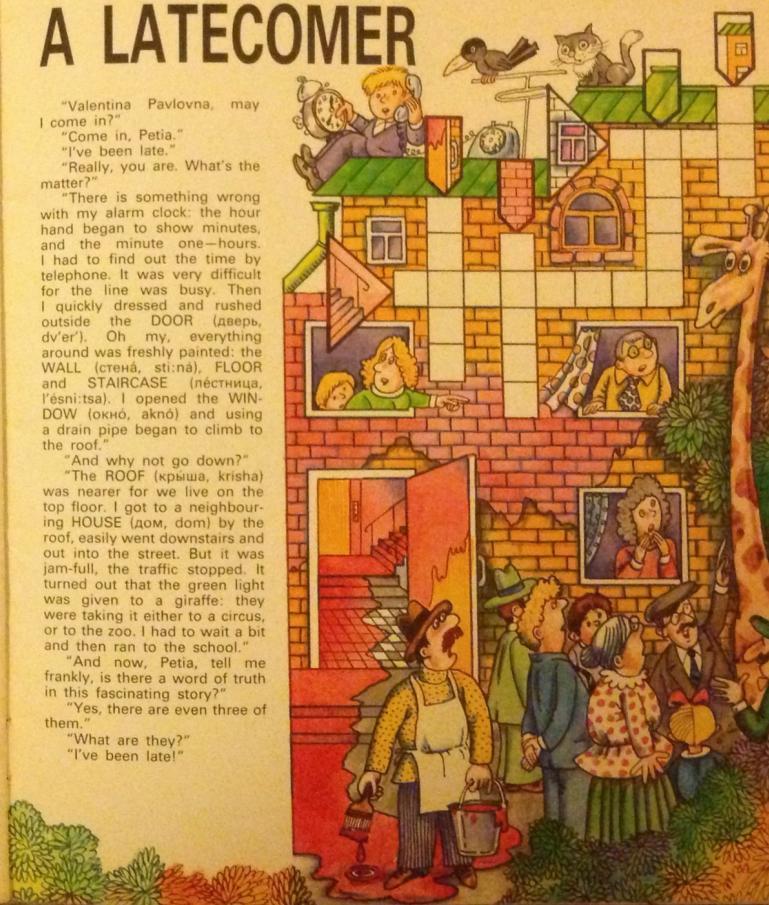
"The ROOF (крыша, krisha) was nearer for we live on the top floor. I got to a neighbouring HOUSE (дом, dom) by the roof, easily went downstairs and out into the street. But it was jam-full, the traffic stopped. It turned out that the green light was given to a giraffe: they were taking it either to a circus, or to the zoo. I had to wait a bit and then ran to the school."

"And now, Petia, tell me frankly, is there a word of truth in this fascinating story?"

"Yes, there are even three of them."

"What are they?"

"I've been late!"



MISHA's readers have already met Maxim and Dasha (see MISHA, No. 1, 1988). The children are always inventing new gadgets. This time was no different.

## PERPETUAL MOTION

Dasha was trying to mend her bike when Maxim rushed in "I've made a perpetual motion machine!" "No, you haven't. It simply can't be made," Dasha said. "Let's test it; we can fix it to your bike." They tied the engine to the frame and off they shot!



Patrol cars revved up ready for the chase. But the bike's rolling on regardless. Houses, trees, people fly by. There's a dog-walk—the dogs forgot all about their owners and ran after the bike yapping. Nor is a fence enough of an obstacle to stop a bike equipped with an engine like that.



The bike is speeding along, overtaking everyone. When, bang—the red light! Dasha wants to brake and can't; the brakes won't work. She clean forgot that the bike was out of order. The bike dashed past the traffic lights with the red light on. The drivers looked on aghast; the traffic policeman blew his whistle. Highway code-breakers must be stopped!



The town had been left behind. In front of the barrier went down to block a railway crossing. But the brakes still wouldn't work. Zoom! The bike whizzed by right in front of the train. There's a river next. The bike went in at full speed and floated like a boat. Nothing could stop the perpetual motion! The noises of the chase died down behind. The bike sprang out of the river and rolled on into the forest. Then all at once the speed dropped, the wheels turned slower. Stop! The bike came to a standstill. "The power's out!" Maxim cried and climbed off the saddle. "So it isn't a perpetual motion machine, after all." "Just as well," said Dasha. "If it were, we would've gone so far that we'd have been late for lunch."

Drawings  
by VICTOR TRINCHENKO

**THIS AND THAT**

A couple of twins are trying to find one another in this holiday place. Can you help them?

On the stamps are pictures of Russian folk-tale characters. Do you have any fairy-tale stamps in your collection?

Help the detective to catch the robber.

There are eight points of difference between the two clowns. Can you spot them?

How many cats are watching the fish?

What's common about the hedgehog, the rose and the other objects?

Colour in the masks.

Drawings by OLGA DUNAEVA

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# MISHA



CHILDREN'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
MONTHLY

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